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There is No Death.

(A fugitive poem that many authors claim.)

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mallow foot
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall.
The flowers fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An Angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting songs
Amid the Tree of Life.

And when He sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to the world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no Dead!

The Autumn days soak sentiment
All through the poet's soul;
Whilst baser minds are eke intent
On flannels and on coal.

Indianapolis Journal.

The Town of Nogood.

My friend, have you heard of the town of
Nogood.

On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitwhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air
And the soft Goasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatsthenue.
In the province of Leterslide.
That tiredfeeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,
Where the Giveltups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazy hill
And is easy to reach, I declare.
You've only to fold up your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakville's toboggan slide
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years.
It is wrapped in the fog of idlers' dreams.
It's streets are paved with discarded schemes
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegebredfool and the Richmans' heir
Are plentiful there, no doubt.
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew.
With every class except one in view—
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the mountains of Despair.
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the deadalive town Nogood
If you would keep far away.
Just follow your duty through good and ill.
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will."
And live up to it each day.

W. E. Penn.

Other Dangers.

They bid us pause and think again
As fierce complaints increase
The perils which surround us when
We're on the verge of peace.

Washington Star.

Thus spake the teacher to his class,
"Now, tell me, what are pauses?"
And the small boy at the foot replied,
"They're things to hide cats' claws."

Chicago News.